Be hiſt, and wondered at if he ariſe.

Enter a Meſſenger.

Meſſ. My Lords, Duke Edward with a mighty power
Is marching hitherwards to fight with you.

Oxf. I thought it was his policy to take vs vnprouided.
But here will we ſtand and fight it to the death.

Enter K. Edward, Clarence, Gloſter, Haſtings, and ſouldiers.

Edw. See brothers, yonder ſtands the thorny wood,
Which by Gods aſſiſtance, and your proweſſe,
Shall with our ſwords ere night be cleane cut downe.

Queen. Lords, Knights, and Gentlemen, what I ſhould ſay
My teares gainſay. For as you ſee, I drinke
The water of mine eyes. Then no more but this:
Henry our King is priſoner in the Tower,
His land, and all our friends, are quite diſtreſt,
And yonder ſtands the Wolfe that makes all this;
Then on Gods name Lords together cry, Saint George.

All. Saint George for Lancaſter.

Alarmes to the battell, Yorke flies, then the chambers be diſcharged. Then enter the King, Clarence, Gloſter, and the reſt, making a great ſhout, and cry, for Yorke, for Yorke, and then the Queene, Prince, Oxford, and Somerſet are taken, and then ſound and enter all againe.

Edw. Lo here a period of tumultuous broyles,
Away with Oxford to Hames Caſtle ſtraight.
For Somerſet, off with his guilty head.
Away, I will not heare them ſpeake.

Oxf. For my part Ile not trouble thee with words. *Exit Oxf.*

Som. Nor I, but ſtoop with patience to my death. *Exit Sum.*

Edw. Now Edward, what ſatisfaction canſt thou make,
For ſtirring vp my ſubiects to rebellion?

Prin. Speake like a ſubiect proud ambitious Yorke;
Suppoſe that I am now my fathers mouth,
Reſigne thy chaire, and where I ſtand, kneele thou,
Whilſt I propoſe the ſelfeſame words to thee,

Which Traitor thou wouldſt haue me anſwer to.

Qu. Oh that thy father had bene ſo reſolu'd.

Glo. That you might ſtill haue kept your peticote,
And nere haue ſtolne the breech from Lancaſter.

Prin. Let *Æſop* fable in a winters night,
His curriſh Riddles ſorts not with this place.

Glo. By heauen brat, ile plague you for that word.

Qu. I, thou waſt borne to be a plague to men.

Glo. For Gods ſake take away this captiue ſcold.

Prin. Nay take away this ſcolding Crooke-backe rather.

Edw. Peace wilfull boy, or I will tame your tongue.

Cla. Vntutor'd Lad, thou art too malapart.

Prin. I know my duty, you are all vndutifull.
Laſciuious Edward, and thou periur'd George,
And thou miſhapen Dicke, I tell you all
I am your better, Traitors as you be.

Edw. Take that, thou likeneſſe of this railer here. *Stabs him.*

Qu. Oh kill me too.

Glo. Marry and ſhall.

Ed. Hold *Richard* hold, for we haue done too much alreadie.

Glo. Why ſhould ſhe liue to fill the world with words?

Ed. What doth ſhe ſwound?
Make meanes for her recouery.

Glo. Clarence, excuſe me to the King my brother,
I muſt to London on a ſerious matter,
Ere you come there, you ſhall heare more newes.

Cla. About what, prethee tell me?

Glo. The Tower man, the Tower: Ile roote them out.

Exit Gloſter.

Qu. Ah Ned, ſpeake to thy Mother boy:
Ah, thou canſt not ſpeake.
Traitors, Tyrants, bloody Homicides,
They that ſtab'd *Cæſar* ſhed no blood at all,
For he was a man; this, in reſpect a childe,
And men nere ſpend their fury on a childe.
What's worſe then Tyrant that I may not name?